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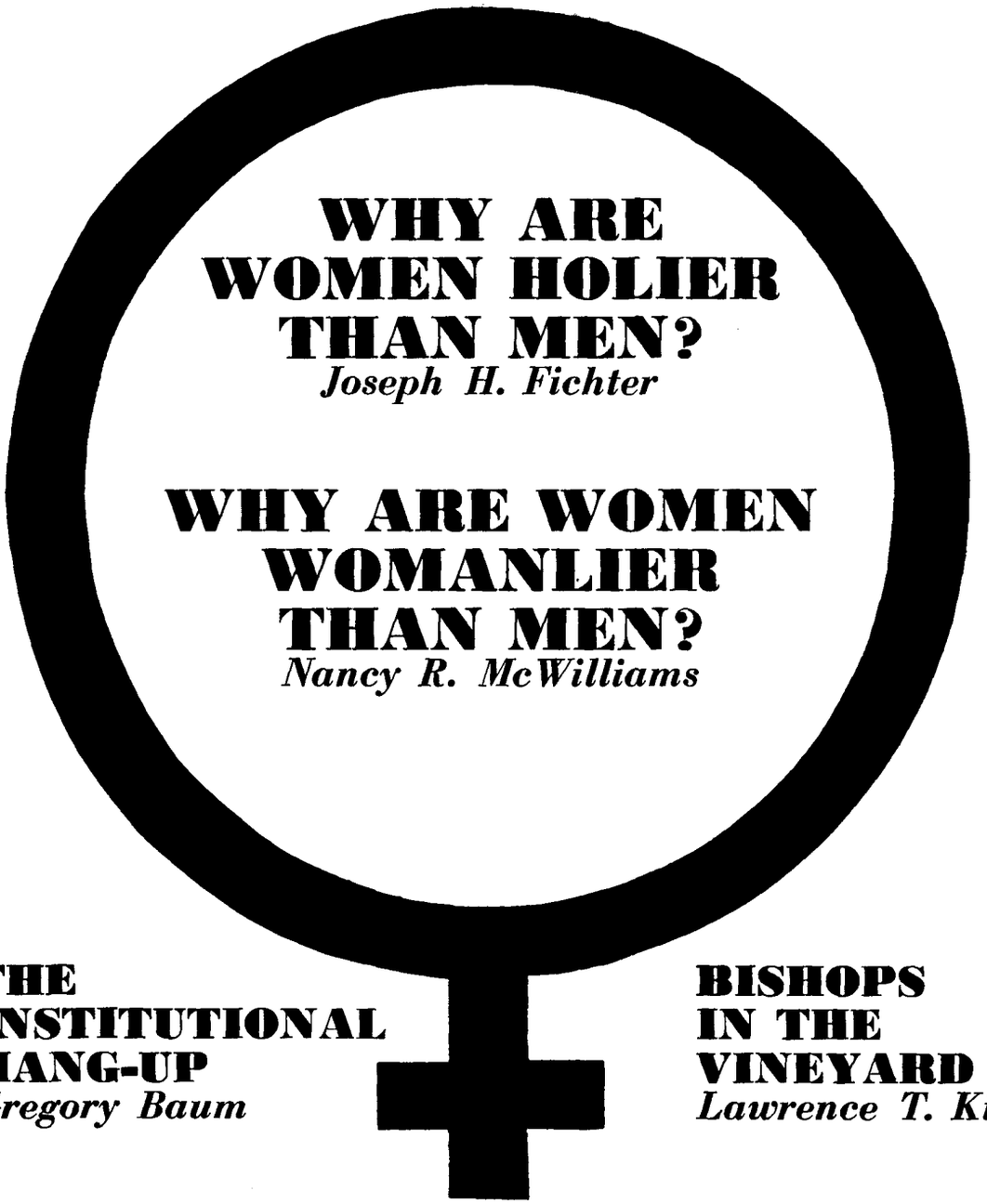

WHY ARE WOMEN HOLIER THAN MEN?
Joseph H. Fichter

WHY ARE WOMEN WOMANLIER THAN MEN?
Nancy R. McWilliams

THE INSTITUTIONAL HANG-UP
Gregory Baum

BISHOPS IN THE VINEYARD
Lawrence T. King

THE COURT: IS HRUSKA RIGHT?
Isidore Silver

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NEWS & VIEWS

Barron's Pacification

There's no secret about *Barron's*, business and financial weekly, viewing things from the right.

We didn't realize, however, how much that view was also that of 1950 until scanning *Barron's* long 'exposé' of the Pacifica Foundation. It read like a Joe McCarthy report.

Pacifica is the provocative, establishment-needling FM radio group which has grown from one station 20 years ago to five today—WBAI, New York; KPFK, Los Angeles; KPFA and KPFB, Berkeley; and KPFT, Houston.

Credit *Barron's* and they're the greatest threat to the nation since the British navy was anchored off Washington in 1812. They're ultra-leftist, creeping with Reds, preaching revolution, and a haven for undesirables (an official of the Houston station "currently is under indictment for alleged failure to report to the armed forces for induction").

Barron's is also upset with Pacifica because Pacifica's idea of public service includes providing air-time to people blackballed most everywhere else. ("All Pacifica stations, including WBAI, readily acknowledge that they regularly broadcast programs by homosexuals for homosexuals.")

It's on Communism, though, that *Barron's* really gets steamed up, dwelling lengthily on the backgrounds of Pacifica personnel and on fund sources. A benefactor of the Houston station comes under a cloud for being a director of the Fund for the Republic. It gets that dizzy.

Barron's objective seems double: to bring the FCC into line (it espies a liberal bias), and to block Pacifica from getting Washington's last available educational FM radio station.

The FCC will open hearings on the Washington license June 15. Pacifica's rival is a middle-of-the-road Protestant organization which changed its name from Christ Church Foundation to National Education Foundation to skirt possible church-state complications in connection with its application.

There's no telling now how the hearings will turn out. Pacifica "discovered" the channel through an airwaves study which demonstrated that one more FM station could operate in the Washington area. Then up popped National Education Foundation, née Christ Church Foundation.

There's a strong suspicion that its application was sought out in order to block Pacifica. That could be ominous.

Saving the Republic

It isn't just the CIA, FBI, U.S. Army and Subversive Activities Control Board who are keeping tabs on alleged mischief-makers. It's also, hold your hat, the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

A Washington *Evening Star* story reports that the Commission has "a bulging file of 2.5 million cards and at least 1.5 million names of Americans who might be involved in 'subversive' activity."

The names are culled from "subversive" literature and almost anything else that falls into the hands of staffers.

Noting *Who's Who in Commerce and Industry* on the shelves, the *Evening Star's* James Doyle inquired: "You don't find subjects for your files in there, do you?" A Civil Service Commission evaluator responded that indeed he does; "an extreme example would be Linus Pauling."

Doyle rated the Civil Service Commission's operation "catch-as-catch-can."

It also might be said to be a trifle indiscriminate. Like every name appearing in the index of Eugene Lyons' *The Red Decade* rates a listing in file. That's how come there's a security card on, woops, Shirley Temple.

Lesson from Phoenix

The attitudinal survey conducted among those comprising the new Diocese of Phoenix provides consolation for neither the right nor the left.

Conservatives will find startling the fact that when a difference in teaching occurs between pope and bishops on the one hand and priests on the other, 49 percent would follow the teaching of priests and 50.5 percent that of pope and bishops. It's the barest of majorities for the church's official spokesmen.

Liberals will be no less startled that at this late date in the age of public expression, only 22.1 percent approve of priests' and sisters' taking part in demonstrations to emphasize the church's social teaching; 11.1 percent have no opinion and 66.7 percent say a flat no!

The survey, designed to provide Phoenix's first bishop —Edward A. McCarthy— with some idea of the thinking of the people, was innovative . . . and gladdening to all anxious for professional and public approaches in the church.

Likewise, it's a welcome change from the old habit of presuming attitudes (sometimes rightly, sometimes wrongly), and of sharing few confidences—a practice more common yet than it should be.

Ben Roth Agency

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Odds and Ends

—The Animal Protection Institute of America is pushing its HELP US BRING THEM HOME from Vietnam campaign. The focus of its concern: "our" military dogs, who "are looked upon merely as 'expendable property'." Which, come to think of it, is the GI's problem, too.

—Those who argued that euthanasia wouldn't be far behind abortion can point to a new straw in the wind. Convention delegates of the Colorado Nurses Association last month voted 173 to 109 in favor of euthanasia, with 55 abstentions.

—The *Boston Pilot* recently characterized Frank Sheed in a page-one headline as the lecture circuit's Mr. Chips. That's nice. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Terrell and Tomism

Savannah, Ga.

To the Editors: The article published in April 3 number, "Up from Tomism," is dripping with hate, which is in line, since you ape "Liberalism." Daniel Webster said of the unconstitutionality of conscription that it was a ridiculous thing to have conscription in a Republic. It is also ridiculous for any Christian publication to espouse "Liberalism." Liberals pretend to be against conscription, but they shed crocodile tears when Roosevelt's conscription law passed by only one vote. Liberals pretend not to want more foreign wars, but *they* are the ones who started world-wide meddling with other nations' affairs, as they are doing now in Rhodesia. They hate Rhodesia and any other nation which believes in freedom.

You seem to hate policemen, although a big percentage if not a majority of them are Catholics.

As to "Uncle Tomism," Uncle Tom was one of the finest Christian characters in literature and the arsonists and rapists and muggers would do well to take him as a guide rather than such characters as Martin L. King. As a child we were taught by the church to *hate* Martin Luther, but you seem to worship the present-day Martin Luther.

Roosevelt did his work well—"The evil men do lives after them."

J. W. WILSON

P.S. Write your Congressmen and Senators to have more whites bussed into Washington. There is an enormous shortage of white kids in the Washington schools, as they are nearly 100% negro. J.W.W.

Tougaloo, Mississippi

To the Editors: Mr. Terrell's article on the painful situation of the typical black college is, in its main outlines, only too accurate, both as to facts and basic in-

(Continued on page 230)

NEWS & VIEWS: 210 **CORRESPONDENCE: 211**
EDITORIALS: 211
THE INSTITUTIONAL HANG-UP: *Gregory Baum* **212**
BISHOPS IN THE VINEYARD: *Lawrence T. King* **214**
AMERICA AND THE NEW BISMARCKS: *Peter Steinfels* **215**
HOLY FATHER CHURCH: *Joseph H. Fichter* **216**
FEMINISM AND FEMININITY: *Nancy R. McWilliams* **219**
VERSE: *Monty Crosby* **218**, *F. Maguire* **221**
THE STAGE: *Saul Maloff* **222** ***THE SCREEN:*** *Martin Tucker* **223**
BOOKS: **224**

Illustrations on pages 216, 219 and 220 from Neues Forum.

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COLD-BLOODED AGGRESSION

The American invasion of Cambodia, followed by resumption of bombing over North Vietnam, was not a defensive response to a new threat. It was a ruthless, offensive act, extending and intensifying the war. It cannot be considered a "blunder." It is the rationality and not the irrationality of this act which makes it ultimately so shocking. The land invasion of Cambodia and the air invasion of North Vietnam follow as logically from the twisted premises of our nation's leaders as did the invasion of Czechoslovakia from the twisted premises of the Kremlin.

The North Vietnamese and Vietcong have occupied sanctuaries in Cambodia for some time. It is entirely hypocritical for a nation which crosses the ocean from its own sanctuary, hires mercenaries from other lands, and sends B-52s from Guam and Thailand to declare that the Cambodian sanctuaries are somehow "against the rules." That these sanctuaries created a problem for the Administration's scheme of Vietnamization cannot be denied. Critics have always said so; only the Administration pretended otherwise. The problem was not altered fundamentally by the overthrow of Prince Sihanouk. The right-wing, pro-American character of the new regime increased the danger of a Communist challenge to Phnom Penh; but Sihanouk, too, was faced with a long-run threat from "red Khmer" guerrillas. The new Cambodian regime threatened to cut off rebel Vietnamese supplies from the port of Sihanoukville; the Vietnamese struck back. Most observers agreed that the Communists were mainly concerned with maintaining rather than expanding their position.

The recent events in Cambodia did not force the President's hand. Instead, they presented him with an opportunity for an action long urged by the military and no doubt long planned. The Cambodian turmoil, like the Gulf of Tonkin affair before it, was only a fig-leaf. If the President's hand was forced by anything, it was the hollowness of a Vietnamization scheme, which has always been linked with military victory, in one form or another.

Without provocation, the United States has expanded the war. Several reasons have been suggested for this action; and in various combinations in the minds of various decision-makers, they all probably played a part. First, here was a chance to go for the jugular, the jugular being equated with the jungle "control center" of the enemy. Second, here was compensation for

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generals, in exchange for the very gradual withdrawal of U.S. troops. Third, here was an opportunity to restore "credibility." Each reason strikes an ominous note. The first reflects the American belief in technology as the key to the Vietnamese conflict: knock out the enemy's switchboard and he'll fold. The second illustrates the hold of the military on U.S. policy. The third fosters the kind of "credibility" which simply means that Moscow and Peking better believe Washington is apt to do anything, the kind of credibility a dangerous animal enjoys: you may give it a wide margin, but you don't strike bargains with it, and in the end you want to do away with the menace once and for all.

Like the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the U.S. attack was a daring blow. The Administration has evidently surmised that the Soviet-Chinese dispute makes any solid response from those quarters unlikely. Certain signs, like Soviet Ambassador Malik's call for a new Geneva conference, although later withdrawn, may have been read as a green light from Moscow. China appears in no position to risk further involvement in its "rear." A daring blow, then—in the sense of getting away with it. Maybe even a successful operation militarily. We shall see. But to what end? We will kill more civilians, and perhaps some of the enemy. We will destroy villages. We may find a "central control" and destroy caches of weapons and ammunition. We will add more casualties onto the long, sad lists at home. And then will the U.S. troops turn around, head into Vietnam and start withdrawing? The *Times* quotes military planners as saying that a successful sweep would force the Vietcong and North Vietnamese to take "up to a year" to become a threat again in the southern half of South Vietnam. And after the year? When American forces will supposedly be 150,000 men weaker, will the remaining troops be less endangered than now? Will we then make another

NO MONOPOLY ON GRACE

THE INSTITUTIONAL HANG-UP

Christians, even when they leave the church, have a curiously institutional view of religion. In discussions about religion we usually raise the institutional issues, i.e., the questions having to do with defined doctrine, sacramental legislation, or ecclesiastical jurisdiction. In the spontaneous imagination of most people today religion stands for a system of beliefs and practices, added to man's secular existence by a divinely inspired founder.

There is no evidence, however, for thinking that religion is imposed on human life by a gifted person: it would seem, rather, that man's effort to deal with the depth dimension of his life and history has always generated religion. Religion is an abiding phenomenon, found in all human cultures, giving symbolic expression to man's own self-understanding and his relationship to his human and cosmic environment. Man's contact with the world has always made him seek forms of total commitments and raise the question of ultimate meaning.

What is this depth dimension of human life? Christians believe that it is the divine mystery fully and completely manifested in Jesus Christ. But even the agnostic sociologist, who interprets this depth dimension in non-transcendental terms (for instance, as man's personal unconscious or his social matrix), never regards religion as an artificially devised system imposed on human life from without.

Yet our spiritual heritage is such that when we hear the word "religion" our immediate associations are going to church, eucharist and confession, papal power and marriage legislation, virgin birth and purgatory. With "religion" we do not immediately associate the basic questions: what is the meaning of life? what values am I certain of? what are absolute norms for me? how am I related to death and consequently to life? what do other people mean to me? . . . Our immediate associations constitute the institutional hang-up of Christians, especially of Catholics.

This hang-up has unhappy consequences. The identification of religion with the institutional order leads to the misunderstanding of both. On the one hand religion tends to become a legalistic preoccupation, and on the other the institution, which has an essential function in religion, tends to be regarded as the unconditional and definitive reality. The institution is no longer the organ, the inevitably imperfect organ, on which the beautiful melody is being played: the institution becomes our total concern, and thus we no longer hear the music nor see the other instruments that play the same melody. Even when we leave the institution, we are no longer free to pose the question of the divine except in institutional terms. The hang-up makes us into religiously insensitive people.

This problem is widely recognized today in theology. One of the reasons for this may be the creation of religion departments at colleges and universities, which demand the study of the religious phenomenon not from an ecclesiastical, but from a wider, human and cultural viewpoint. In a recent interview with

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sweep? Will we bomb North Vietnam again? Or shall we bomb Cambodia constantly during the coming year? Will Saigon forces stay in Cambodia—a throwback to the days when the French employed Vietnamese to supervise the Cambodian and Laotian parts of their Indochinese empire? The American offensive has proven to Hanoi the necessity of launching a revolutionary movement in Cambodia, and Sihanouk is on hand to lend ballast. Will we prop up Lon Nol and revolutionarily develop and pacify and napalm in Cambodia too?

By striking at the sanctuaries, said Mr. Nixon, the U.S. is striking at "the heart of the trouble." But why isn't "the heart of the trouble" in North Vietnam with its one-million-man army? With his air strikes, Secretary Laird more or less admitted as much. Of course, the heart of the trouble could as well be China, since North Vietnam is surely no threat to—as the President puts it—"the Pacific." And in the days when we bolstered French colonialism and Dean Rusk knew for a fact that Peking was only Moscow's cat's paw, then the heart of the trouble was Russia. The chill so many Americans felt at hearing Mr. Nixon's announcement was partly due to what they sensed behind this heart-of-the-trouble argument—the old rationale for preventive war, eerily suggested in the Orwellian term devised to cover our aggression against North Vietnam: "protective reaction."

Southeast Asia is filled with too many people who are determined to rule and be ruled in ways Washington does not approve, and too few equally determined to follow the American prescription. The former refuse to play by the rules we righteously establish so that they can lose the game. The latter persist in looking like thieves, tyrants and massacrers. Our choice is to crush the former and prop up the latter, or to limit the losses and leave. The "heart of the problem" is in the United States of America. That is the last place our leaders will look.

himself, published in *The Christian Century* (April 1, 1970), Harvey Cox demanded that theologians not confine their concern to ecclesiastical religion but include all manifestations of religion in their culture. Theology, Cox says, is a normative critique of religion. What does this mean? Religion is universal. People always seek to identify the absolute, find symbols for the values that transcend them, and celebrate the meaning of their lives. Theology reflects on this religion in the light of God's self-revelation in Jesus Christ. It is, therefore, a critique of religion, detecting in it the destructive and idolatrous and discerning in it the element of redemption.

Is it possible to de-ecclesiasticize religion? One way of doing this is to become anti-institutional. But then we are still caught in the same hang-up. Is it possible to accept the deeper view of religion without belittling the proper role of the institution in religion?

Vatican II laid the dogmatic foundation for de-ecclesiasticizing religion when it acknowledged that the Word of God, revealed in Israel and finally in Jesus Christ, is in some way present in the whole of history and speaks in the life of every single person. God's Word is uttered in the profound experiences of people everywhere. Theology, therefore, must reflect on the whole of human experience, especially man's religious experience, in the light of God's self-revelation in Jesus Christ, in order to discern in the cultural manifestations of the present age the divine Word addressed to the church now. Redemption cannot be identified with the church. It is operative in human life everywhere, even if it is clearly discerned and celebrated only in the church. The teaching of God's redemptive presence to human life leads to the de-ecclesiasticization of religion.

What is the origin of our institutional hang-up? It is the unintended result of making the government of the church its only authentic teacher. If teaching is formulated by the hierarchy it is almost inevitable that saving religion becomes more and more identified with the ecclesiastical institution. The concern of the ecclesiastical government to preserve people in the faith, to protect them from outside influence and to defend its own authority, eventually influences the manner of teaching the gospel and ties saving religion to the institution in an unconditional and definitive way. Religion thus becomes ecclesiastical. What we have inherited is priestly religion. This is our hang-up.

Today we struggle to free ourselves from this bond. Thanks to several factors, among which is a new scriptural emphasis, Vatican II supports us in this struggle. Yet very often the attempt to de-ecclesiasticize religion pushes us into an anti-institutional bias that makes us dislike the only religion we have experienced. In our rejection we discover that we have remained as ecclesiastical as the hierarchy that annoys us. Yet our anger with the institutional church is in part an anger directed at ourselves for having invested the institution with the monopoly of grace. We have ruined our spontaneous imagination. We are still more worried about ecclesiastical definitions and legal approbations than we are concerned about the ultimate meaning of human life as the source of present action and the powers that create new insight and new energies in the community. GREGORY BAUM

(Father Gregory Baum, whose new book is Man Becoming [*Herder and Herder*]*, is a long-time contributor.)*

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THE GRAPE STRIKE

BISHOPS IN THE VINEYARD

Two years ago, violence erupted in California's Coachella Valley where a vineyard was being picketed by members of Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. It occurred during the second year of UFWOC's strike against the state's table-grape growers. As a result of that incident, Chavez—a fervent disciple of Gandhian nonviolence—called off all picketing in the valley and announced that henceforth the union would concentrate all its efforts on a nationwide boycott of California table grapes.

On April 1, the operators of three vineyards involved in the 1968 strike was in the Chancery office of the Los Angeles archdiocese together with representatives of Chavez's union and Auxiliary Bishop Joseph Donnelly of Hartford, Conn., chairman of an ad hoc committee of five Catholic bishops formed in response to appeals by grower and union to help break the impasse that had developed between the two factions. Representatives of the news media, alerted in advance, were also on hand. The purpose of the meeting was to announce the signing of a contract by UFWOC with Lionel Steinberg, David Freedman and Charles Freedman, who market their products under the labels of Lionel, Coach and Valley Hi Grapes.

The contracts call for a union shop, a 10-cent pay increase to $1.65 an hour and an additional 25 cents for each box of grapes picked, including a contribution of 2-cents a box to a fund for retaining workers displaced by mechanization, and discontinuation of the practice of using DDT and other dangerous pesticides on grapes. The last provision is believed to be an ecological first in labor union history.

In their statements to the media, the negotiators expressed the hope that the contracts would serve as a pattern for others in the grape fields. Their words seemed to be prophetic. Twelve days later, K. K. Larson and C. C. Larson, brothers who operate two vineyards in the Coachella Valley, announced that they had signed similar contracts with Chavez's union.

This development was surprising, for K. K. Larson had spent most of his time last year traveling across the nation, appearing on TV talk-shows and speaking to any group that would listen to him expound his argument that grape workers do not want a union. He maintained that if his workers were given their choice, they would reject Chavez's union. When the first three contracts were signed, he was given an opportunity to test his conviction. A number of workers who previously picked grapes during the early harvest on the Steinberg-Freedman holdings and then worked the later harvest on the Larsons' acreage came to K. K. Larson and told him that they could not work as union labor on some farms and as "scabs" on the others.

"I felt the only way to really determine the will of the workers was with a secret ballot," Larson said, "and since there is no law in agriculture which sets up election procedures, I asked the Bishops' Committee of the Roman Catholic Church if they would help out by conducting an election."

The bishops were eager to help and immediately dispatched Msgr. Roger Mahoney, chancellor of the Fresno diocese, to the area. With the Rev. Lloyd Saatjian, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Palm Springs, assisting, election machinery was set up and balloting was conducted at the two Larson vineyards on April 11. The next day, Chavez announced the result: 146 votes for UFWOC and two votes against. Immediately afterwards, the Larsons and Chavez signed the contracts.

The Prospects

Union-harvested grapes from the Coachella Valley will display the UFWOC emblem, a black eagle on a red background. UFWOC supporters are hoping that the sale of these grapes will be a boon to those who signed union contracts and a lesson to those grape-growers who are in spite of everything still dragging their feet on union recognition.

The agreement covering five vineyards in the Coachella Valley has been hailed as a breakthrough in the UFWOC strike effort, now in its fifth year, but the realities of the situation have kept the union's victory statements on the restrained side. The contracts cover only about 1,000 workers on acreage producing a scant 1.5 per cent of the state's output of table grapes, and the season in the Coachella Valley lasts less than two months. After that, the pickers must work their way north into the vast San Joaquin Valley; and here they run into the big land barons whose economic and social philosophy never has advanced beyond the 19th century. Chavez and his followers know only too well that these growers will come to the bargaining table only when it is to their financial interest to do so. That is why the international grape boycott assumes such vital importance during 1970. It is the only weapon UFWOC has left in its long, grueling fight to obtain justice for the farm workers.

LAWRENCE T. KING

(Lawrence T. King, a California newspaperman, writes frequently on national economic and cultural problems.)

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America and the New Bismarcks

I have not read the little book which has sent the Congressional jackasses braying after Supreme Court Justice Douglas. I glanced over it and was unimpressed. Perhaps I should reconsider: anything which gets Sidney Hook so hot under the collar cannot be all bad. It seems the Justice said the kind of thing we reverence men for saying, when they are dead and safely tucked away some 150 years; if my glance at the Douglas pamphlet left me cold, I suppose it's because I can buy Thomas Jefferson at paperback prices and make my own applications.

But the most curious of curiosities is the fuss being made over Justice Douglas's comparison of the Establishment to George III. The reference seems highly flattering compared to some that could be made, and have been. King George, after all, raised the English monarchy to new heights of popularity, particularly during his periodic bouts with madness. And at the same moment that cries of outrage are being heard over Mr. Douglas's metaphor, one George Reedy, former press secretary to Lyndon B. Johnson and neither an effete snob nor a college bum, has written a book in which he describes the Presidency as a monarchy. The White House Reedy knew was filled with courtiers, trying to be near the President when he received good news, ducking out of sight when the Great Man might be ired by bad tidings. The geography of the palace, intrigues between secretaries, the efforts of young assistants, strong of leg, who wander the floors seeking news of his majesty's humor, or rise before dawn, concocting urgent excuses to appear at the Executive Mansion in a race to become first in the personnage's presence and thus chief monger of rumors about the presidential atmosphere—nothing is missing from Reedy's account except the powdered wigs and silk slippers, President Nixon having done his best to supply the liveried footmen. Our presidents, says Reedy, are genuinely locked up in their Washington Versailles. Johnson really thought that those clean-cut courtiers were the youth of America. No wonder he appeared a little puzzled at all the hubbub out there. In November, 1969, Humphrey suddenly discovered how upset some of his fellow citizens were about their nation's waging a criminal war. When Nixon watched TV while hundreds of thousands marched in Washington, no doubt the football game was more real to him than those impassioned marchers. Obviously only Douglas's old-fashioned Americanism made him cite George III instead of Louis XVI.

All historical analogies limp, but some limp more unequally than others. If I were to poke around for a monarchy by which to measure the current reign, I would not choose George, nor Louis either. I would think of the German Empire under Wilhelm I and Bismarck, and then under Wilhelm II. Never mind the one-to-one comparisons between, say, the insecure personality of Wilhelm II and Mr. Nixon's disturbing oscillations between belligerence and bathos. There are more general similarities. An explosive mixture of a heady technology tearing up traditional patterns of life and a nostalgia for the old-fashioned virtues being threatened. Imperial Germany saw an alliance between capitalism and conservatism, but an alliance which was explosive because the dynamic of the former was tearing up the old-fashioned virtues and traditional life of the latter. Today, the economic system by which good Americans swear merchandises "revolution," sexual and political, but can do nothing about the ghetto or the war.

But it is, of course, our foreign policy which stirs up thoughts of the Second Reich. Our statesmen play at being Bismarck, as did Bismarck's successors, with catastrophic results. There is the same subservience to the military's requirements for "victory," and the same show-down mentality. One would not have to know of Mr. Kissinger's personal predilection in heroes to spot the Bismarckian profile of our plunge into Cambodia and North Vietnam. The enemy was sufficiently isolated; a convenient pretext presented itself; we struck. The Constitution? We will probably soon be hearing the enunciation of a "gap" thesis resembling the one Bismarck expounded when he halted the growth of parliamentary government in Germany in the 1860's. As for the deception of the American public—nothing said about bombing Vietnam, nothing about the full extent of American attacks on sanctuaries—well, that's part of war.

The most disastrous part of the heritage Bismarck left Germany is the very thing most noticeable in the current U.S. action, namely, a profound cynicism about the use of power, and the conviction that success is the great justifier. Bismarck brought off the unification of Germany, and for that the German liberals forgave him his preservation of autocracy and militarism. Today, official Washington is working on the same cynical premise: if the Cambodian-North Vietnamese operation succeeds, all the rest will be forgiven. Maybe the Administration is right. But historians have traced the corrosive effects of the liberals' surrender to Bismarck's cynicism right to the portals of the Third Reich, passing by way of the slaughter of World War I. PETER STEINFELS

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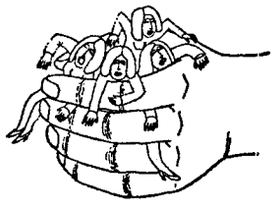
HOLY FATHER CHURCH

Organized Christianity is dominated by males

JOSEPH H. FICHTER



Why are women holier than men? Every survey that measures sex differences in religiosity shows that females attend church more frequently than males, pray more often, hold firmer beliefs, cooperate more in church programs. This is true at all age levels from childhood to senior citizen, and of both single and married women, of women gainfully employed and home-makers. We need not quibble whether these external manifestations of religious behavior guarantee a state of internal sanctity. We do not know that about males either.

Years ago (May, 1955), before we knew about *aggiornamento,* I published an article in *Integrity* (that wonderful magazine inspired by Carol Jackson, Ed Willock and Dorothy Dohen) in which I concluded that God does not create holier souls for female bodies than for male bodies. I questioned that women are instinctively more emotional than men, or that emotionality is a usable criterion for the measurement of religiosity. The only reliable explanation seems to be that cultural expectations differ across sex lines. This means that the religious behavior of the individual male and female tends to conform to the behavioral patterns of each sex which are current in the contemporary culture.

Unfortunately, in the American culture and in Western society generally, there is implied in these expectations a kind of double standard of religious behavior. The little girl is expected to be more pious than the little boy; she is expected to behave better in church and to go there more often. Teenage girls are more likely than boys to be encouraged to participate in youth clubs, religious discussion groups and church choirs. It is considered the "normal thing" that adult women outnumber men at church services, the Communion rail, in the Sunday school or parents' club of the parish. Is it any wonder that organized religion is often thought of as a feminine preoccupation?

Yet organized Christianity is dominated by males—and this is even more the case in Judaism. We know that holiness, religiosity, piety—all the virtues in which women excel men—are the qualities expected of seminarians, priests and bishops. If vocation recruiters are really seeking the best qualified persons to train for the sacred functions of religion, why do they completely ignore girls as candidates for the seminary? The blunt answer to this question is that an historical pattern of exclusion that was established in the Jewish culture of another century has been carried into the American culture of this century. Long imbedded social habits are hard to break, and people tend to think of them as natural, logical and even God-given, and thus immutable.

How does one explain the subordinate position of women in organized religion except as a historical cultural phenomenon that persists to the present day? There is no scientific proof that women are psychologically or intellectually inferior to men, any more than there is proof that females are innately more moral or religious than males. It stretches the theological imagination to suggest that the Creator fashioned females inferior to males, that He intended them to be the subject of discrimination, that He approves a general pattern of female subordination in the society, the church, or any other social structure.

What has been culturally done, can be—often should be—culturally undone. We finally learned this lesson in the matter of racial inferiority, prejudice and discrimination. The Women's Liberation Front has rediscovered the appendix in Myrdal's classic *American Dilemma,* where he compared the treatment of Negroes with that of women. Remarkably similar arguments are employed to maintain inferior status in both cases. If we have seen the error of our ways—our traditional behavioral patterns in relation to American black people—is it not time also to move in the direction of freedom and equality for American women?

There is still much discrimination against women in all the major occupational areas of American life, but the most blatant and enduring examples seem to be in organized religion. All position of power, prestige and in-

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fluence are occupied and controlled by men. The publicity that accompanied Cynthia Wedel's election to the presidency of the National Council of Churches attests to the fact that this is an unusual and exceptional case. No Catholic woman, lay or religious, would dare aspire to an official position of this high rank. In the American Catholic church there are three times as many religious sisters as there are priests and brothers combined—and this may suggest a greater proportionate female holiness and dedication. These women are expected to be humble and docile. Sister Helen Kelly says that they "have been cherished for their willingness to receive direction and instruction without question and to submit their own decisions for review and approval."

Catholic sisters are beginning to complain that they have been the victims of the "masculine mystique" in the church, relegated to a secondary role of passive listeners that does not allow leadership or personal initiative. Sister Mary Ellen Traxler (who with Sister Audrey Kopp established the National Coalition of American Sisters) suggests that the vast exodus of women from religious life is largely due to domination of nuns by male church leaders, from the rectory to the Vatican. Even when women were finally invited to the deliberations of Vatican II they were told explicitly to be seen and not heard.

The religious orders of women were encouraged both by the Second Vatican Council and by the Roman authorities to reassess their structures and purposes with a view to renewal and modernization. Most of them did this with enthusiasm but had to submit their renewal plans to higher authority. At this point the "male mystique" asserted itself. The Glenmary Sisters could not win the approval of Archbishop Alter (now retired); the Immaculate Heart Sisters met official and firm resistance from Cardinal McIntyre (now retired). Both groups have now moved out from under male ecclesiastical domination and hope to serve God and the church in a type of secular community life. In the minds of traditionalists this is rebellion.

None of these groups of religious sisters has made any formal statement demanding full equality within the church. None has yet insisted that Catholic women will continue to occupy a position of subordination until the priesthood, the episcopacy and the papacy are open to them. Even the new National Assembly of Women Religious, now in the process of organization, is asking simply for the implementation of the right of collegiality, coresponsibility and consultation in their own affairs. This request does not go as far as that of the Saint Joan's Alliance, some of whose spokeswomen are vehemently insisting on Catholic women's right to ordination.

Institutions tend to move slowly and religious organizations suffer a culture law that is slowest of all. Switzerland still does not allow women to vote, and the Georgia legislature only recently ratified the constitutional amendment granting political suffrage to American women. More than a hundred years ago Antoinette Brown was the first American woman to be ordained a Congregational minister. It was not till 1963 that the ancient Catholic church heard its first clear-cut papal statement on women's rights. It came in Pope John's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris,* where he said that "since women are becoming ever more conscious of their human dignity, they will not tolerate being treated as mere material instruments, but demand rights befitting a human person both in domestic and in public life."

One searches long and hard through the official documents of the second Vatican Council to find only four or five references to the emancipation of women. It is true that the late Archbishop Hallinan of Atlanta readied a proposal for the Council Fathers in 1965 in which he went so far as to say that women should be allowed to act as Mass-servers and readers, and even to preach and administer the sacraments. He said of Catholics that "we must not continue to be late-comers in the social, political and economic developments that have reached climactic proportions."

Women Priests?

That the church is a late-comer in regard to women's rights is trenchantly argued by Mary Daly when she describes the historical case against the church. "Catholic teaching has prolonged a traditional view of woman which at the same time idealizes and humiliates her." This paradox she finds an "inexcusable hypocrisy in a species of ecclesiastical propaganda which pretends to put woman on a pedestal but which in reality prevents her from genuine self-fulfillment and from active, adult-size participation in society." (*The Church and the Second Sex,* p. 11)

Many people who read Mary Daly's book consider it a forthright but well-balanced and temperate book, and the main reason seems to be that she is not an outright advocate of priestly ordination for women. Yet this is the proposal that has to be faced if we are to talk seriously and honestly about equal status, freedom, opportunity of women within the church. Some years ago I addressed the annual convention of vocation directors in Milwaukee and suggested a quick end to the vocation shortage. I argued that the number of vocations to the priesthood could be doubled if girls were admitted to the seminary.

This suggestion was greeted with loud and prolonged laughter. The very idea was so ridiculous that a news reporter asked me later whether I had really said it and whether I objected to its being printed in his paper. More recently in a symposium at Boston College Father Richard McBrien was asked whether his seminary would accept a woman candidate for the priesthood. He teaches at a National Seminary for delayed vocations, and the lady who asked the question, a college professor, was cer-

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tainly a "delayed" vocation. His answer also drew a laugh. He said his seminary would accept the lady if she could find a bishop willing to incardinate her into his diocese.

Ridicule and laughter are a reflection of cultural patterns and attitudes. We have become accustomed to the notion that some things just are not done, and so it is funny that any Catholic girl would even think that she has a calling from God to serve in the priesthood. Probably many Jews think it is funny that Sally Preisand is attending the Hebrew Union College and intends to become a rabbi when she completes her rabbinical studies. There are a growing number of Catholic women who have completed biblical and theological studies—sometimes surpassing the academic standards required for the ordination of males. If they feel they have a vocation to the priesthood their only obstacle is their sex.

"To exclude women from Holy Orders is to make the sacrament depend on male hormones rather than the grace of God." This remark was made to Sally Cunneen who did a survey of Catholic opinion about the place of women in the church. Her findings underline one of the frustrating elements in the crusade for women's liberation: the fact that so many women seem satisfied with the situation as it is. They too are the products of the traditional Catholic culture and of the general pattern of thinking that grant superiority to males.

Although we know about masculine domination of the church and about the religious sisters' complaints of lack of self-determination, we read in Sally Cunneen's book, *Sex: Female, Religion: Catholic,* that males are more favorable than females to ecclesiastical opportunities for women. The majority of all respondents, but more males than females, think that women should be lectors and commentators at the public liturgy. The same happened on the question whether women should be ordained as deaconesses. The crucial matter of the ordination of women found the majority opposed, but even here women showed greater opposition than men.

The test of general acceptance or rejection of a female priesthood in the Catholic church cannot be applied because no women have yet been ordained. The experience of the Protestant churches has not been universally favorable. When I addressed the annual convention of the American Association of Women Ministers, I found that ordained women encounter a certain amount of resistance and discrimination. Except for some black women ministers, they are seldom called to the pastorate of large, urban, flourishing congregations. They tend to be offered positions in places where the salary is low and to which male ministers are not attracted. Those who are married to ministers have more opportunity to give full exercise to their ministerial role.

This problem of placement and of the chance for advancement is similar to that of married clergy in the Eastern churches who have had little opportunity for good positions and none at all for upward mobility in the ecclesiastical structure. This is one of the reasons why I argued for a married hierarchy in the Catholic church (*Commonweal,* May 24, 1968). Unless the bishops also marry, there will be a kind of permanent proletariat of lower-echelon married priests filling the least desirable parishes and with no hope of promotion. Analogously, then, if the Catholic church ordains women to the priesthood, these women should have the option for either celibacy or marriage.

What I am suggesting here is full equality of opportunity for women in the Catholic church. This means that women priests should be selected, appointed and promoted according to the same criteria employed for male priests. They should engage in both the parochial and special ministries of the church, receiving monsignoral honors if deserved, being appointed as chancery officials if competent, and reaching even the bishopric, cardinalate and papacy. Sex discrimination should go the way of ethnic and racial discrimination. In the academic course I teach on Religion and Women, I conclude my final lecture of the semester with the sentence: "we shall witness the complete removal of discrimination in the Catholic church on the day when there is a pregnant Pope who is either African or Asiatic."

MONTY CROSBY

WHITE NUNS

A great fire reflects in mirrors of air.
Three nuns, their white habits shimmering,
sway like flowers in the changing wind.
I watch their movements
like a secret lover.

The winds blast the surface of the stone.
I am long born a second time
to the rites of water, salt and light.
Ladies, my bones rattle
in their heavy box.

There is silence enough to capture
libations spilled upon the carved stone:
Dominic, my alien love . . . John,
you skittish wren . . . dear Benedict,
touch these trembling hands.

Falling light narrows into darkness.
In this black place the vision reappears:
the white nuns walk against a winter's night
following a golden thread,
shivering for Christ.

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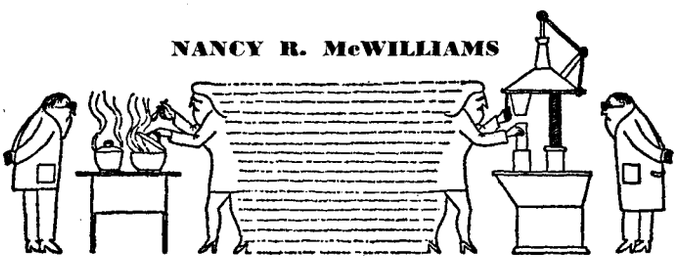
FEMINISM AND FEMININITY

An assertion of positive difference

NANCY R. McWILLIAMS



I am about to attack some very cherished notions of the Women's Liberation groups, so let me get the record straight first: I support all efforts to eliminate discrimination against women whether written into law or observed in practice; to legalize abortion; to establish day-care centers; to transform drastically the lives of bright, educated women who presently languish in suburbia amid daytime TV, bridge games, and child-chauffeuring. Moreover, it is a crime that women in this culture have for so long swallowed the idea of female inferiority, in whatever forms it has appeared. To the extent that women in the movement pursue goals which will actually liberate them from both oppression and depression, we are all indeed sisters. The problematic part of the movement is its ideology, not its practical ends.

In fighting the oppression of their sex, women show just how thoroughly oppressed they are. Despite the militancy of their rhetoric, they are more like the early Roy Wilkins, out to show that with legal equality black people would prove just like whites, than they are like the Black Panthers, who revel in their blackness. Instead of pride for what distinguishes their sex they show a determination to deny the distinctions. Recently while discussing a novel with friends I expressed admiration at an insight of one of the characters and remarked that it was a very *female* way of perceiving (meaning sensitive, empathetic, accepting). I was attacked. What did I *mean,* women perceiving differently from men?—A woman's intellect was not inferior to a man's; it was just the same (albeit usually suppressed by a cultural conspiracy to deny women a mind). . . . But I had *complimented* the character; I had claimed special gifts in femininity. Why is the assertion of a positive difference so unacceptable, if not because women have digested one of the major cultural tenets they should be fighting tooth and nail: that if women are different they are *ipso facto* inferior.

Consider the constant reminders that Movement advocates see fit to give (often when logically unrelated to the subject at hand) that in the laboratories of Masters and Johnson the vaginal orgasm theory was laid to rest. Now it is true that the belief in vaginal orgasm was oppressive, the source of needless feelings of inadequacy in perfectly normal females. But beyond that very important fact, why is the scientific debunking of the vaginal orgasm myth so salient to the new feminists? Apparently its importance lies in the implication that there are thus no qualitative differences in sexual functioning between man and women, a clitoris being the direct analogue of the penis. It is curious how little hue and cry is devoted to an equally dramatic Masters-Johnson finding, the documentation of the multiple orgasm phenomenon occurring only in women. Again, what is stressed is the extent to which women are just like men, not the extent to which the differences give women special advantages.

Much of the outrage of contemporary woman derives not from the exposure of vaginal orgasm as a myth but indirectly from another myth, presently all too unexposed, the Myth of Modern Contraception. With the advent of the pill, women were told that now finally they could experience a sexual freedom qualitatively equivalent to that of men: sex with no fear of pregnancy and not even the inconvenience of diaphragm-insertion. More important, implicit in that notion was the idea that a woman's affairs could be, if she so decided, as uninvolving and uncomplicatedly physical as those of men notoriously are. Women bought the myth of the possibility of a male-type sexuality, tried it out, and found themselves wholly unsatisfied. Then, rather than reject the myth, they blamed the situation on men and male chauvinism: if we're not getting what the pill promised, it is not because the promise was false but because men are preventing its fulfillment by treating us as objects rather than equals.

What is the evidence that female sexuality is or could be equivalent to male sexuality? Actually, there is far more evidence for difference than for equivalence. Animal studies show marked behavioral differences be-

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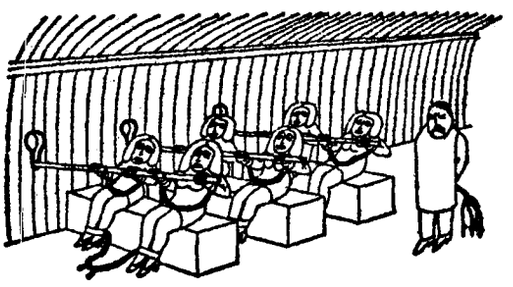
tween the sexes even under conditions of the strictest leveling of environmental influences on dissimilarity. Clinical studies repeatedly demonstrate qualitative psychological differences in such aspects of sex as arousal, types of fantasy (tactual vs. visual, time of initiation vs. moment of entry, etc.), and capacity for detachment. It is questionable how culturally determined such differences are; John Money and others, in studies of people with chromosomes and/or hormones of the sex opposite their apparent one, have found marked psychological properties consistent with the person's underlying physiological gender, despite normal social adjustment to the reverse sex role. Behavior in animals given sex hormones are striking, and there is substantial reason for believing that as human males or females our hormonal make-up plays a considerable part in our ways of feeling, thinking, and acting. All of which is to say that behavioral propensities are not entirely separable from biology, that what differentiates women from men is not simply different acculturation.

The evidence of clinical psychologists is in disrepute today among members of women's movements, partly because analysts in general previously accepted Freud's doctrine of two types of orgasm, partly because women see clinicians as in all cases trying to get them to adjust to an inherently undesirable role, and partly because they bear a grudge against Freud himself. This last reason is one worth stressing because again the content of the grudge points to the unspoken assumption among women that to be basically different from men is to be inferior.

The usual treatment of Freud is to cite his assertions that the superego of woman is, because of the nature of the Oedipal period in girls, weaker than that of men, to expose this argument as male chauvinism, and to insist that women can be ethically every bit as stringent as men, that they are not "morally inferior." The astonishing fact of this reaction is the absolutely unquestioned belief that strong superegos must necessarily be superior to weaker ones. Why so? Freud made no such claim (whether or not he in fact preferred men to women, as he almost certainly did); indeed, Freud's therapeutic work was strongly geared to softening up overzealous superegos because of the suffering they caused to the too-inhibited person and because of the possibilities of dangers to society brought on in the names of duty, conscience, self-discipline and righteousness. We all know the harm that can be done by people who are driven by their own rigid definitions of right, and to my mind a "weaker" superego is no worse than a strong one, and conceivably better.

For a moment let us consider some typical analytic insights from a radically new and controversial viewpoint, more radical, I submit, than the militant denial of those insights by contemporary feminists. When psychoanalysts have distinguished between the respective qualities of the sexes, they have frequently pointed to men's propensity for intellectual activity and contrasted it to women's affinity for emotional things (which is not to say that men are basically smarter but that their natural development issues in a disposition to abstract, theorize, and combat the world with their minds, a disposition women *may* develop but usually do not). The qualities which women are said to develop naturally run along the familiar lines of intuition, sympathy, sensitivity, and a delicacy of feeling.

Women in liberation movements deeply resent such characterizations. Since we are still fighting to win equal treatment for the intellectual woman, such a response is understandable. But consider the possibility that the



analysts are *right:* does that condemn women? Instead of denying the validity of such notions why don't we reexamine the attitudes that cause us to take such analytic observations as insults? Is it out of the question to consider that our society might overvalue intellectual output and undervalue sensitive interpersonal relations, and that we women have accepted such a value distortion? Why does one frequently hear comments like "He's a despicable person, but you have to respect him for his brilliance," when it is so seldom observed that someone is no mental powerhouse but has admirable emotional sensitivity? We excuse monsters who have brains and belittle the warm but dull saint. Considering all the curses wrought on history by brilliant people, such value priorities are certainly suspect.

Women are oppressed not by men *per se* but by their own internalization of masculine values. Moreover, they radically overestimate what it means to be a male in this society. There is in Movement rhetoric the constant underlying theme that men have always had more and therefore better sex, more reliable and therefore better orgasm; that men's lives are more exciting and rewarding; that the various male expressions of contempt for women must derive from men's genuine confidence of their superiority and never from envy of women—which seems to me a much more likely source of much of the contempt: after all, women can choose to have either a child or a job or both, while a man *must* have a job.

The claim is frequently made that women in this culture may naturally want to "achieve," but that their education and the structure of the society program

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out all their natural aspirations. Frankly, as Gustave de Beaumont noted over a century ago, the problem is the reverse: education and our egalitarian social ethic quickly program *into* females the notion that they should achieve on an equal basis with men (whatever their "natural" inclinations), and later when they learn that they really should not—prejudices against intellectual women being what they are—they are stuck with the early achievement motivation and its later suppression.

What makes the average woman so discontented is that until her adult years she is given substantially the same education as a man and then expected to be content to shelve her intellect and become a useful household appliance. There are two possible antidotes, then: either change education for women such that their expectations will be consistent with the actual limited possibilities offered them by society, or allow the expectations the chance for fulfillment in equal social opportunities. Our equalitarian dogma rules out the first; the second, as Women's Lib advocates agree, is the only palatable possibility. But it is not without costs, a fact which they would deny with vehemence.

The costs derive from those basic differences between men and women which Movement zealots refuse to acknowledge. They waste no time in attributing to men, their wolf-calls, their pin-ups, their "commoditizing" of women, an almost demonic intent. No one entertains the idea that men's ways of enjoying women are to a great extent built in naturally, and that no amount of the best-intentioned educative attempts will cure them of the kind of sexual arousal mechanisms with which nature supplied them. The fact is that women are not aroused by a physically attractive male *per se*, and that nothing in her experience can teach a woman what it is like to get a sudden erection on seeing a passing body. Female arousal depends greatly on context and on an empathetic understanding of a man whereas male arousal may be simple, visual, and utterly detached from the personality of the admired person. And there is no way of getting around this, especially not by railing at men that they depersonalize women and regard them perversely as objects. Some men do, of course, but we should see some discrimination between exploitation and the natural consequences of male sexuality.

It is typical of a society that worships technology and progress not to accept any natural conflicts and imbalances, to assume that where they exist they are surmountable and that where they are insurmountable they do not exist. Certain male-female differences are insurmountable—except possibly by a radical program of hormone therapy—and neither the pill nor true social equality nor the reeducation of men will eliminate them. Women *can* bear children; men cannot. Men *can* experience sudden erections from visual stimuli alone; women cannot. Women are hormonally cyclic; men are acyclic. There is a kind of double standard built into nature with which we will somehow have to live; as a philosophically inclined friend of mine remarked sadly, "The world is not well arranged."

All this is to warn that embracing the idea that with proper social changes women will find themselves free of conflict and no different from men, whose situation they decidedly idealize, is to court the worst kind of eventual disillusionment. It was such a conviction that brought on the disillusionment over the promise of the pill, and as we have seen, the process of dissatisfaction then tended to escalate rather than to equilibrate. The plea I am making is for women to stop playing the white nigger, to have pride in and to demand respect for what distinguishes them from men. This is by no means at odds with pressure for equal treatment in social opportunities, but it *does* require scrapping the fond belief that the present state of women results mainly from a conspiracy among men and psychoanalysts. Women themselves undervalue the best qualities of womanhood. A self-image among women that they are different and special and still in no way inferior admits of a greater tolerance for the ways in which *men* are different, a badly needed tolerance if the relations between the sexes are not to fall into a sniping competition.

I long for a world where a women *could* pursue intellectual combat as easily as and on an equal basis with men if she so chose, but would also find no shame in *not* doing so. On the other side of the coin, in my ideal world the man who chose to develop the emotional side of his nature would find it no disgrace to enter fields requiring a gentle receptivity to emotional things. But until we can accept the fact of differences, we are not likely either to make the best adjustments to them or to see exactly where they do and don't apply, and we will clutter our already insane world with more nonsense, waste and bitterness.

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F. MAGUIRE

GROWING

What can I say? Like the kitchen table
I did my homework on
or the dining room one where you heard my catechism,
he was there

to be stroked, almost, like the wood's grain,
stoked like the Crawford Range,
replenished like the dripping ice box,
but offering warmth in winter, refreshment in August.

I too have tried to shrug him off
with my Tim's Cap and corduroy pants and ribbed stockings,
but as bones lengthened, flesh toughened, eyes deepened.
he did too.

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THE STAGE

Not excepting the backers, who are in no mood for autopsies, I'm probably the only man still alive who wants to know how it is that *Minnie's Boys*, a musical presumably based on the early pre-movie career of the Marx Brothers, can have been such a near-total misery; that it should not even have been that honorable monster an "interesting failure," hard as it may be to imagine anything about the Marx Brothers that simply fails without being in the least interesting. This alone I find interesting.

One doesn't want to breathe heavily. At the manifest level—the level at which anything in the world, a cartoon no less than a triptych, ditty or string quartet, must succeed lest it fail—*Minnie's Boys* misses almost all the way down the line. Every song sounds like a plagiarized version of a thousand others in gladly-forgotten musicals. Oh, a brassy passage or two sticks in the head, by sheer sonic pressure, until the intermission; but not even they survive a restless night's sleep.

The lyrics are witless, without exception, almost as if the writers had set themselves the task of being dull, unremitting dullness being thought a kind of triumph. And the words, like the tunes, drop heavily into their appointed places, according to the sanctified commercial formula, which must have seemed, a very long time ago, the surest thing—which, like the Edsel or the saturation bombing of trackless jungles, couldn't possibly miss.

Even the costumes, which are intended to stir in us a sweet nostalgia, remind us only of their seamstresses; as the sets remind us of carpenters; and the obligatory production numbers tell the sad story of unavailing labor on the part of uninspired though dutiful artistes.

Improbably, Shelley Winters as Mommy Marx is awful in the sense of inept. Shelley Winters, that amiable, skillful minor comedienne, awful in the sense of inept? Yes, in that sense, embarrassingly. She's simply gross, graceless, too large for the space she occupies. The lines she's cursed with help about as much as leeches do a corpse; and the role itself—of the middling, doting, adorable Jewish Mother with a heart as big as all seven heavens—is as narrow as a single, emaciated bad joke endlessly repeated, without variations. She meddles, God bless her. She can't help herself. Do her something! She meddles because she wants her boys to have the best of everything. And they, good boys every one of them, love her for it.

A true comic actress, happy in the part, would have taken it over and invested it with a life the authors never suspected it possessed; but Miss Winters only suffers it. She plays it as if she can't bear to deliver the lines she was given. Straining to remember the odious things, she botches her timing throughout; but even bad gags depend for their life on timing. The audience, brought up in the rhythm of musical-comedy jokes, prepares itself for the boffo; but instead of the line that is meant to break them up, there is a dead void, long enough in duration for the coil of laughter to come unsprung. By the time the line finally confesses itself, everyone, including Miss Winters, has forgotten its antecedent. During those beat-long pauses, she must have wondered what evil spirit had driven her to the role in the first place and why on earth she had yielded to it.

The boys themselves are more or less hapless, altogether undistinguished, with the single exception of Lewis J. Stadlen, who plays Groucho adequately if not brilliantly. He dances competently, sings as well as he has to, growls the Grouchoesque lines with the right truculence, the right undertones of the celebrated nastiness and vitriol. Above all, Stadlen's body has found the shape and slump of the famous simian slouch.

In all fairness, it must be said there is one felicitous touch in the leaden evening. At the very end, when the show lies lost beyond hope of recovery, the rascals stand on the verge of making it in the big time, after a series of more downs than ups. They prance around a trunk full of stage effects, passing them back and forth, trying on first this, then that. Harpo can't do ethnic accents, so he dons a battered top hat and they decide he'll act dumb. Groucho tries on the funny little "Italian" hat, but it doesn't look right on him, so he passes it to Chico. Chico pastes on the mustache but it's wrong; in exchange for the hat, he gives it to Groucho. And lo!—they have it, the look by which they will become immortal. Dancing girls don't float down from the startled skies, and no tremulous viols and ecstatic horns sound to tell us of the miraculous event. Instead, the boys, by a little easy legerdemain, take on their stage identity to our inexpressible delight; while in the background the great names flash and pop in neon lights: ANIMAL CRACKERS. HORSE FEATHERS. A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. A DAY AT THE RACES. And so on.

That's exactly what's wrong. We're constantly being *reminded* by rung-in signals of the fabled comedians; yet nearly everything we actually witness on stage not only fails to confirm the legend—it undermines it. Imploring us as an act of faith to summon up our memories of the great movies isn't sufficient; at least something of their quality—a token of earnest—must be evoked by the action on stage, and save for a moment or two it is not. A moment doesn't make an evening; nor do the pallid routines, plodding production numbers and mechanical set-pieces of an indifferent musical comedy come close to catching a flickering shade of the incomparable style devised by some Jewish rogues out of the immigrant ghetto for detonating and otherwise subverting the quality-folk uptown.

SAUL MALOFF

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THE SCREEN

D. H. Lawrence wanted the most perfect of all human beings: he desired that man allow all sides of his nature to act and interact. In the vision that Lawrence never systematized but spent his life pursuing, he called for freedom of spirit, a spirit that could surface from within most men and lead them to their unique qualities of fulfillment (not all men however, for Lawrence knew that some men's spirits had already been crushed by various social and endemic forces). Lawrence believed in some repression—nudity in the landscape, nakedness with nature he loved, but exposure or semi-exposure in the bedroom was a sign of human darkness for him, a closet drama of petty indulgence.

The spirit of Lawrence—that is, the call for awareness of one's self and the freedom to express that self—has again captured the imagination of young Americans and Britons. If there is a problem with Lawrence, it is the problem of knowing what *is* one's self. Some people in Lawrence have the ability to move into their cell of selves, others are doomed because they will not descend into the painful dark or throw up their humble hands in the warming light. While Lawrence was a propagandist in everything he wrote, he was also an artist who knew that distinctions in human beings could never be obliterated by any theoretical or even operative system. The myth of Lawrence now current among some young people is that he called for an outburst of all freedoms: rather, he wanted people to be aware of how some freedom might be stifling, particularly those adulterated ones stemming from the history of Western rational enlightenment. He also believed some submissions could be more fulfilling and "freeing" than nominal independence.

Still a myth is as good as a mile in literature, and now the myth has been carried to the screen in lush stunning colors in director Ken Russell's version of Lawrence's major work, *Women in Love*. Russell, a young virtuoso with a decorator's eye for spirit-of-place details, has created a film that is less Lawrence than a tribute to a mythical ideal of a pioneering work. Russell's film is most successful when it is least Lawrencian, however, because the film's achievement lies in its visual splendor. Russell follows Lawrence's story fairly closely, but the film leaves out most of the ambivalence of Lawrence's characters. Instead a series of extremely sensuous tableaux follow one on the other and stun the viewer with excitement. Russell's film knocks out the reader with its visual impact. Lawrence, even when he bullied his prose and kicked his readers, allowed for an evocation of awe, a sense of something greater than the details of a landscape.

Most readers know the narrative of *Women in Love*. Two sisters in a Midland town—one a schoolteacher, the other a sculptress—go to a wedding where they stimulate the fancy of two complex men. One is Lawrence's alter ego, Birkin, a school supervisor whose theories of simple living have usually been taken as Lawrence's own. The other, Gerald is the fascinating doomed young man—rich, intelligent, lost, trapped by his incompletion. Oliver Reed plays Gerald with intelligence. His interpretation makes of Gerald an insecure child, wounded by a gentle father and a half-crazed mother. Reed's interpretation is simplistic, but within the limits given him by the scriptwriter and director he conveys the ambivalence of a young man who knows he must fulfill his expected responsibilities to his family and community but yearns to enlarge those responsibilities into a spirit which will fulfill him. In his novel Lawrence had to kill off Gerald because Gerald was the symbol of an England half-dead, existing on the fruit of its past achievements. In the film Gerald walks off into the snow because Gudrun, the sister he covets, humiliates his pride, wounds his soul by rejecting him for a quasi-affair with a rodent-like homosexual. The last few scenes of the film are taken straight from the text of Lawrence's novel but without the context.

Granting the difficulties of turning Lawrence's mystical novel into a concrete film, Russell's version of *Women in Love* comes off well enough. It is not Lawrence, but an adaptation, a lightweight but stunning tribute to one of the forces for freedom in contemporary culture. In *spirit* the film is analogous to a modern-dress version of Shakespeare, with the emphasis on contemporary parallels. In *fact* the film is tailor-made in period costumes, with a remarkable eye for the milieu of the flapper costumes and *objets d'art* of the twenties. And some scenes which Russell has captured stand out on their own, taking off from the text and achieving a completion of impact that makes their source (or lack of faithfulness to the source) irrelevant. Eleanor Bron, for instance, as Hermione doing a modern dance in her stately home is absurdly serious and seriously absurd. The scene could not be bettered. Nor is it easy to fault the famous wrestling scene from the novel: Russell has set Reed and Alan Bates (as the bearded Birkin) against a huge fireplace in a paneled study, their bodies sweating and glistening, finally touching, and almost breaking the barrier that separates two men from truly understanding each other. It is a wrestling with love which neither has the courage to hold onto.

Russell's film needs no comparison with any other film, but a glance (no more is worthwhile) at *Street Rack* (or *Meat Rack*—the titles are interchangeable in newspaper ads) will show how freedom of expression is freeing in one film and cloying in the other. *Street Rack* is the familiar story of a handsome young boy of a broken family who runs away and is mothered, fathered, and babied by men and women until he turns pro. The idea is a semenal

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(sic) one for most homosexual films today—the hero is so attractive that no one can resist him, and he is anxious to please without committing himself. In a sense the film is about the perfect hermaphrodite, literally. Lawrence was searching for the perfect hermaphrodite as a metaphor—that is, a human being who was both womanly and manly, gentle and aggressive, intuitive and rational. Someone who was not hung up on fashions of behavior determined by one's sex. That is the difference between the two movies—one is literal, the other literate. In *Street Rack,* or *Meat Rack,* the exploitive love of undressing motivates the filmmaker. In *Women in Love* there is a sense of undressing for love, an aspiration for the breath of human kindness.

MARTIN TUCKER

BOOKS

The United States Supreme Court, from Bushrod Washington to Roman Hruska

The Justices of the United States Supreme Court 1789-1969: Their Lives and Major Opinions

LEON FRIEDMAN & FRED ISRAEL, EDS.

Chelsea House, 4 vols., $110

The Supreme Court and the Uses of History

CHARLES A. MILLER

Belknap Press, $6.95

The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

Harper & Row, $6.50

ISIDORE SILVER

Senator Hruska's plaintive plea that mediocrity deserves its place on the Nation's high court (as well as presumably in its other public precincts) will undoubtedly join Engine Charlie Wilson's "What's good for General Motors is good for the country" and George Romney's "I was brainwashed" in the Pantheon of modern American political gaffes. Although all of these statements were wrenched out of context—and consequently made more damaging—history is likely to treat their unfortunate authors with as little mercy as contemporary journalism has afforded.

Yet, just as Wilson and Romney were not entirely inaccurate in their appraisal of American life, Hruska's remark may not be as ludicrous as first appears. In fact, there is little doubt that had G. Harrold Carswell—conceding his mediocrity, as Hruska did not—ascended to the Supreme Court bench, his presence would be wholly compatible with a tradition of ineffable ineptitude, a tradition at least as well established as the competing one exemplified by Marshall, Holmes and Black.

Perhaps, then, Hruska was right—but then again, he may not be. To understand this dilemma, we must first comprehend something more than our superficial education normally permits about that peculiar American institution, the Supreme Court. Six recently published books should substantially aid us in that quest.

The Court is commonly perceived to be (a) profoundly anti-democratic in character and (b) an institution with allegedly enormous power, subject only to the self-restraint of its members. It is recognized to be both a legal and a political body, a dualism that engenders attacks upon its "excesses" (especially in the thirties when it regularly vetoed New Deal legislation) and praise for its "wise restraint" upon other, more avaricious, branches of government (the Warren Court's ruling on State criminal procedures and their abuses). The "Higher Critics," of whom Professor Bickel is the most prominent, condemn judicial propensity to intrude into "policy" areas best left to other branches of government (especially when such intrusions are clumsy and inept). Others, such as Professor Bickel's Yale colleague, Professor Fred Rodell, demand judicial intervention so long as it is liberal and progressive and condemn it when it is merely conservative. More vulgar analysts characterize their discontents by such essentially meaningless terms as "strict" and "loose" "constructionism." Yet, as should be evident, the Supreme Court is at once both something more and something less than its fevered analysts would allow.

The depth of the "something less" is apparent by even a cursory glance at *The Justices: Their Lives*, a four-volume compendium of data on each of the 97 men who have served on the high court. What is revealed by their eager biographers (generally professors of history who apparently believe that everyone is unique) is simply that most Justices of the Court were mediocre men who contributed nothing significant or memorable to the development of our national jurisprudence. Bushrod Washington, a nephew of the immortal George, set the pace; his 14-page biography (seven pages longer than the space allotted to Oliver Wendell Holmes) is followed by a reprinting of a decision notable only for the fact that

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it was the only time on his 31-year career as a Justice that he disagreed with his mentor, John Marshall, on a constitutional issue.

Why would anyone want to devote the time and the energy—save for dissertation purposes—to recount the utterly insignificant achievements of the amiable Bushrod and many of his successors? Under the aegis of a powerful Chief Justice, such as Marshall or Taney or an influential Associate Justice such as Field (in the late 19th century) most jurists have been content to write minor variations on great constitutional themes.

A similar set of volumes about all the men who served in the United States Senate or as, let us say, Secretary of State—supplemented by major pieces of legislation and treaties—would be ludicrous; why does a publisher bother to scour up comparable material on the Supreme Court? Probably, the answer lies in our fascination with this mystical, loved-and-hated, ritualistic institution. After all, books on the occult always sell well.

Also, the Justices with their long—often interminable—tenure of service do provide historical examples of institutional continuity to a nation that ignores or ill-treats its ex-presidents, governors and congressmen. Perhaps grandiose studies of the Court seek to satisfy our curiosity as to what men do with the kind of power the Court allows them to wield. The answer is that most men do very little with it. These volumes, destined for library shelves, tell us very little about why this should be true. A more discerning story perhaps utilizing quantitative or small group theory might fill the gap.

In *The Supreme Court and the Uses of History*, Professor Charles A. Miller brilliantly demonstrates the "something more" of which I have spoken. He concludes that the Court has often—not just in Earl Warren's time, as many will misread Professor Bickel to imply—misused history in analyzing some of the great issues it has decided. Since the Court's authority to decide cases stems from a written Constitution, interpretation of the history underlying that noble—though vague—document becomes both a decision-making tool and a source of legitimacy. Beyond that, as Miller tellingly puts it, the Court is the "public interpreter of American political history." In short, one of its great functions is to tell the American people what its history "has been" in order to legitimize both what "now is" or what "should be." Often, that history is not particularly accurate, and Miller would wish it to be at least within the range of what is acceptable to contemporary scholarship. Often, historical tampering (knowing or innocent) will render a controversial decision somewhat more acceptable to the public.

Miller is quite even-tempered and unbeguiled by the Muse of Absolute Truth. He thinks that history should "not blind the path to a solution to the problems of today." He defines judicially created history, as must any serious Court analyst, as "that which . . . is believed to be true about the past" and frankly admits that history can, and should, be jettisoned as a tool when it obviously fails to support an otherwise reasonable decision.

His analysis reflects the heavy demands made by a symbol-conscious American people upon both our Court and our national history. I would argue that no public institution can adequately serve both the interests of truth and of pragmatic justification for ongoing political action. Miller perceives this problem involving our National Character (not our judicial institutions) when he observes that

> For most Americans the Court acts as Constitutional symbol, as conscience, educator, legitimizer, and guardian of the nation's political values. In these roles history becomes a value or a means of transmitting values. It is not a mere instrument of decision, as lawyers would have it, nor is it a research project, as the historians sometimes view it.

Professor Bickel, while taking the Warren Court to task for its abuses of history, logic, and what he perceives to be the judicial function, distorts the traditional role of the Court by ignoring it. Perhaps paradoxically, his analysis of the last 15 years of American Constitutional development unwittingly provides an excellent case study of that tradition, one which promises to continue long after Messrs. Nixon and Burger have had their day. When he concludes that "what informed the enterprise [of the Warren Court] was the idea of progress," he fails to state what he knows to be true: all Supreme Court decisions are "enterprises" informed of some overriding Idea. When he discusses "The heavenly city of the Twentieth Century Justices," he omits the undeniable fact that John Marshall had his heavenly city—the need for a strong central government—just as Roger Taney had his and *ad infinitum.*

Historically, particular Court's "cities" have often been more earthbound than heavenly and, to be fair to Professor Bickel, he does recognize the pedestrian course of at least one Court, the cold-war bench led by Chief Justice Vinson. Of that dismal era, he writes, "In criminal cases, [the Court] could speak with the one-sided zeal of the prosecutor."

He should have extended this analysis to the function of the Court in the late 19th and early 20th century—when its animating principle was the realization of the American Dream—and the early 1930's when it vainly attempted to perpetuate that Dream in the face of both its evident inadequacy and the overwhelming national discontent with its tenets. When that Dream finally expired, one of the neanderthal Justices pounded his fist and exclaimed "the Constitution is Dead." Well, not quite. The Court has kept many flames alive—or the illusion of such flames—and we can only hope that Professor Bickel, at some time in the (let us hope, near) future, amply describes those enterprises.

Professor Bickel's true quarrel is not with the existence of a Heavenly City but rather with its identity. "Belief in man-made progress was the new faith, and the supremacy of judges as its carriers and executors was not denied." This passage echoes the sentiments of his great mentor, Felix Frankfurter, to

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whom the book is virtually a valedictory. Yet, Bickel's call for judicial restraint in policy-making areas is as value-laden as any Heavenly City erected by Earl Warren. For instance, he argues that

> In the political process, groups sometimes lose out, but so long as the process is operational . . . no group that is prepared to enter into the process and combine with others need remain permanently and completely out of power.

This generalization evades questions such as what do we mean when we say "groups sometimes lose out?" Does this characterization measure the value of the loss to the group as contrasted to the value of the gain to the winner? Isn't it true that often political or other minorities are severely oppressed for no meaningful purpose? Could not homosexuals for instance argue that their claims to live their own lives free of noxious laws are more important than the claims of a competing majority to be allowed to enforce those laws? Shouldn't judges be allowed to make qualitative judgments as to the strength of particular group claims, especially where to "lose out" is to lose some vital part of either group or individual identity? Would Mr. Bickel seriously contend that Communists in the '50s—and other groups today—"sometimes" lost out but could, through better organization or promotion, obtain power sufficient to at least prevent political prosecutions? Since Frankfurter often exemplified the "avuncular patriotism" of the Vinson Court derided by Bickel, can we be sure that the "political process" was "operational" for Communists? Does "one man, one vote" mean that groups frustrated in the political process gain their "substantive" ends in court, or merely that they obtain more substantial access to that process? Implicit in Bickel's overview is the belief that courts are not part of the "political process" and do not contribute toward making that process "operational"; and yet history demurs on this bald generalization.

Ironically, Professor Bickel's fire is directed against judicial involvement in questions of desegregation and reapportionment, subjects which apparently are not the most disturbing to the American people. He is more sanguine about the Court's inclination to protect individual rights against police and prosecutorial abuse, a position distinctly at variance with the dominant national mood. Again, implicitly, the Court should properly erect its Heavenly City upon the firm landscape of civil liberties and should beware the treacherous marshes of civil rights. Civil rights—defined as group rights—and political rights are best left to the "political process" while the true business of the courts is to protect individuals from oppressive government in their daily activities. Unfortunately, group activity, for many, *is* a daily activity and is as fully deserving of Constitutional protection as are more private undertakings.

Professor Bickel knows that history has dismantled many Heavenly Cities and he fears that one-man, one-vote and desegregation may well follow *laissez-faire* into the dustbin of legal irrelevancy. He emulates the Warren Court's attempt to "remember the future" even if he is a better scholar when it comes to "imagining the past." Yet, before an era passes, it must deal with its problems with whatever tools its institutions possess or can devise. If the American people terminate the "enterprise" of integration so laboriously undertaken by Earl Warren (and at least three Chief Justices before him) then the *Brown* case will be rendered inconsequential because its job will have been done. If we choose social apartheid, then *Brown* will drop into the memory hole of a fundamentally different society. In either case it will—and must—become irrelevant.

The question, I suspect, is whether *Brown* was relevant to its time, whether one-man, one-vote met a felt need of its era. If it is true that "Virtually all important decisions of the Supreme Court are the beginnings of conversations between the Court and the people . . . they never, at the outset, are conversations between equals," it is equally worthy of note that the people have the last word. Perhaps Professor Bickel expects—as we all do—too much of the law; perhaps he wishes its pristine principles to endure for all time, its standards to be Universal, its solutions to apply to problems yet unborn and unimagined. This would of necessity stress the role of the Court as keeper of the sacred flame of what Bickel calls "moral philosophy." Deep down he may be disturbed by nothing more than the fact that the Justices have not built *his* Heavenly City.

There are two answers to Senator Hruska. The Supreme Court is truly *our* Court. It is typically American, it reflects our optimism, our propensity to erect Heavenly Cities, our pragmatic uses of history, and our belief that History is synonymous with both Morality and Philosophy. Often, the Court has differed little from other political institutions; it has been staffed with mediocrities and its Heavenly Cities—like our national dreams—have been built with shoddy materials and by unworthy hands. If the Court is un-democratic, it is certainly not un-American.

But, we have come—perhaps only in the last three decades—to expect more from the Supreme Court; we want the Justices to build our Cities with more care and more precision than we can conceive, we want them to be more independent and more thoughtful than our conventional politicians. We perceive them to be both political architects and ombudsmen in a society which so sorely lacks both. The Justices are neither to be competent legal technicians nor "strict" interpreters of the law. As Professor Bickel says, "[I]t

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REVIEWERS

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is more nearly true that the Warren Court has traveled the main highway of the institution's history." Senator Hruska and Richard Nixon are wrong in their perception that there is no highway, but merely a series of grids on an uncharted map with no dimensions and no direction.

Blind Love and Other Stories

V. S. PRITCHETT

Random House, $5.95

NORA L. MAGID

In his engaging memoir, *A Cab at the Door,* V. S. Pritchett has told how, "caught by the passion for print as an alcoholic is by the bottle," he went through a period where he wanted to write verse: "To my usual nightly prayers that the house should not catch fire and that no burglar should break in, I added a line urging God to make me poet laureate 'before I am twenty-one.'" The prayer lasted until he was sixteen, and it was to prose that he remained devoted. "I had never really enjoyed poetry, for it was concerned with inner experience and I was very much an extrovert and I fancy I have remained so . . . in prose I found the common experience and the solid worlds where judgments were made and in which one could firmly tread." J. M. Barrie's *When A Man's Single*—a perfectly wretched Victorian novel, with chapter headings like Rob Angus Is Not A Free Man, Rob Becomes Free, and Rob Marches To His Fate—taught him that "there is copy in every man you meet," and "when you do meet him you feel inclined to tear it out of him and use it yourself." Stylistically, Barrie advised sureness of fact and avoidance of fine writing as much as dishonest writing. So Pritchett left trade and England to become a foreigner: "For myself that is what a writer is—a man living on the other side of a frontier."

These ten love stories then concern more or less ordinary people, observed from without, and judged, albeit gently. I must confess to being baffled by their appeal. Pritchett the traveler is within my understanding. Pritchett the writer of fiction puzzles me. The stories are obviously professional, competent to the point of slickness. They feature well documented internal and external landscapes (there's that traveler again), well turned phrases, and vigorous dialogue underlined by asides from the narrator. The touch tends to be light, the flavor bittersweet, the "lasting taste for the wry and ironical" of which Pritchett has spoken surfaces frequently. There is also a disconcerting absence of flesh and blood guts, and a curious slyness—the characters take oblique pleasure in their own disasters; the unease is lovingly indulged and discussed. At the same time, the technique is mechanical and old-fashioned—basically it is that of the outdated character sketch, with a kind of Noel Coward cleverness superimposed. Psychology is rendered ABC explicit, and what Pritchett seems to be writing is contemporary comedy of humors. Each character is a stereotype, a one-characteristic one-dimensional person who works out his obsession in relation to other one-characteristic one-dimensional people.

In "Blind Love," the man who fails to punctuate his letters is said to have "an unpunctuated moral sense." The woman who keeps house for the blind man has a blemish that he of course cannot see, and she is caught between the desire to exhibit and to conceal. She understands that "as a punished and self-hating person she was drawn to work with a punished man. It was a return to her girlhood: injury had led her to injury." Terrified of being drawn into his darkness, she must lead him into her light, which in turn brings confusion and dependence and some breakdown in his system. But her life in its practical certainties has been dead. Because her former husband's pity turned to cruelty, she knows that "if

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you start pitying people, you end up by hating them. I've seen it. I've been married, don't forget." There is also a faith healer with an elderly sickly wife with jealousy her only pleasure, and he paradoxically lives in a dark house with two sets of everything. The blind man lives in lightness and conceals his disasters, if any.

The stories that appeared originally in *The New Yorker* are clever, fast in pace, upholstered in detail and a little raucous. They are also over-plotted to the sinking point, each being almost a small novel. In "The Nest Builder," an arty decorator whose specialty it has been to adorn the premises while devastating the owner, has always encountered women who at the end saw their houses and themselves perfected, "but, as always in the face of perfection, a mysterious sadness misted those eyes. There was the sense of loss that angels are said to have when they look back from Heaven upon the earth. . . . Their houses were now perfect, but one thing was missing. What was it?" Ernest meets his comeuppance in a fat ruddy matter-of-fact girl, strong on cows, dogs and bluntness, who redecorates him, and he becomes a happy farmer in an ugly cosy house. Flair and shallowness are here, not much else, and all that bright tinkling is as predictable as it is fashionably amusing.

In "A Debt of Honor," Mrs. Thwaite has the distinction of consistent bad luck. She does not "quite want to lose the gamble, the incompleteness—so breathlessly necessary to her—of her history." When her runaway husband returns and steals her fur coat, her colleagues are moved on her behalf: "something is always happening to her," they say. "It never ends." But they see "her eyes shining brilliantly within their gloom," and her rejection of possibility is inevitable.

The old man in "The Skeleton" also leans on accumulated misery, but at 82 he is adept at dodging behind a barricade of delusions that weary everyone. Life is his battlefield; he plans to survive. In the bar at his club, he stands "suddenly isolated in his autobiography." A woman who materializes unexpectedly shocks him into the realization that his father was such a brute that no one in his family "had heart for others. He had killed their hearts; not one of them had been able to love." He recognizes that he has not been victorious, that "He had risked nothing. He had been whipped into the life of a timid, self-absorbed scholar." In a reversal, the woman is good to him, and stays to pick up the pieces after she has accused him of having loved a man. The break is smoothly mended, life flows together again, and the man is as implacable a bore as he was before.

Perhaps the most interesting story, the one with juice in it, appeared first in *Queen*. It should be straight woman's magazine stuff, but missing sentimentality, it is not. The poor but virtuous sister has a husband so stingy that even his suit has a parsimonious gleam, and she has more than come to terms with this: "it was almost their romance; it was certainly their Cause. When she thought of the mess the rest of her family was in, she was glad to have years of girlhood anxiety allayed by a skinflint." The rich but morally impoverished sister with the round blue eyes and the golden crust of curls is beautiful, cross, and even more a prisoner. Because she has wealth, she has burglars, and living behind barred doors and windows, she has also caged her emotions. "The blue eyes were as hard as enamel, and she talked of nothing but prices and clothes and jewelry. From this time her life was a procession through objects to places which were no more than objects, from cars to yachts, from suites to villas. The Mediterranean was something worn in the evening, a town the setting for a ring, a café was a looking-glass, a night club was a price. To be in the sun on a beach was to have found a new man who had bought her more of the sun." When the poor sister tries on a castoff golden dress, she is clothed in momentary radiance; but the gray meanness of her existence coats her again, and she is content with this basic resource.

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There are several unfortunate turkeys in the collection, and one wonders why they were included. A couple of stories are fairly unreadable, and besides these there are two that are just plain bad. "Our Oldest Friend" is about a group of acquaintances who speaking collectively in the first person plural try to determine what the relationship of each of them has been to one girl. " 'Saxon! You've been holding out on us,' we said, with false jollity," etc. etc. etc., and the whole business boils down to a silly game of musical chairs. There is also the old chestnut about the honeymoon couple tricked into spending the night in a house of ill repute. It is full of perky glib passages like, "The next day I saw that Victoria hated me. Harry usually took *her* home. This slight made her snap and raise her very small nose sharply, so that I got to know her nose very well, especially the tiny nostrils. It was a dogmatic, sad little nose and that is where I began to fall in love with her—from the nose downwards." I suppose it is to the credit of literary journalism that neither of these two has had prior periodical publication.

Faith Under Challenge

HEINRICH FRIES
TRANS. BY
WILLIAM D. SEIDENSTICKER

Herder and Herder, $5.95

AVERY DULLES

Although the term "faith" appears both in the title and in every chapter heading, this can hardly be described as a book about faith. It is rather a series of essays on problems confronting the church since Vatican II. After an initial discussion of the nature of faith, the author goes on to treat of the task of apologetics, the value of creedal statements, the nature of theology, the theology of hope, ideology, pluralism, secularity, and atheism. Because so many complicated topics are dealt with in less than two hundred pages, it is not surprising that each question is handled in a dissatisfying superficial way. The book, moreover, lacks any unifying thesis or thrust. Perhaps it is in part a collection of essays composed for other occasions.

The initial chapters set forth Fries' strongly personalistic view of faith as man's response to the "transcendent absolute Thou"—a view of faith already enunciated in several other books by the same author. Since I am quite strongly committed to the personality of the God who reveals himself in Christ, I wish I could be happier about these chapters than I am. After Tillich, however, it is no longer possible to talk glibly about belief as assent to the God who personally witnesses to his own Word. In these pages Fries does not adequately face the problem of how God manifests himself as personal. The rhetoric current of continental European personalism, although popular in the 1940s, no longer suffices to sustain the sense of personal encounter with the "divine Thou."

Fries' views on apologetics, as given in his second chapter, re-echo Rahner's *Hearers of the Word*, a work published in 1941. To readers familiar with this important study, Fries has little to offer. Indeed, Rahner himself would probably not be satisfied today with this early work, which treats the word of God almost exclusively under its external aspect, and practically ignores the interior transforming effect of grace upon the mind of the man called to faith.

The chapter on theology of hope reads like a book review of Moltmann. It is on the whole a good exposition, but lacks verve. In his critique of Moltmann, Fries falls into an unacceptable dichotomy between faith and hope, maintaining that "faith not only has priority but primacy." This can hardly be said without qualification if faith necessarily includes hope, as I take to be evident, especially in the light of Moltmann's study.

Fries' chapters on ideology and pluralism are informative, but they seem more designed to set the reader's anxieties at rest than to open up new ideas and possibilities. Fries capably expounds the present state of the ques-

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tion, but fails to move it forward. If he took ideology seriously, he might have much to say as a theologian about its workings in Christianity, and even in the official positions of the church. If he took pluralism seriously he might have some concrete and challenging suggestions about how to introduce a healthy pluralism in a church that is still far too Western, too medieval, and too Roman.

Fries is certainly a competent and knowledgeable theologian, well abreast of the literature in many areas of fundamental theology. He is balanced and prudent—almost to an excess. Unfortunately *Faith Under Challenge,* while both safe and topical, lacks depth and originality.

IN BRIEF

Irish Art in the Romanesque Period. Françoise Henry. Cornell U. Press. $15. *Journey into Romanesque.* George Nebolsine. Putnam. $8.95.

The first of these richly illustrated volumes presents the art and church architecture of "the age of faith and the great Crusades" country by country. As the author puts it, the Romanesque "gave Europe an aesthetic unity to match the spiritual unity, the oneness under God, which came near to being realized in the 11th century." Françoise Henry also stresses this unity in her much more detailed study of the Ireland of many kings and saints. She finds a special interchange of influence between Irish and Scandinavian art. If the Romanesque churches of the Irish architecturally were not nearly as impressive as those of their Continental contemporaries, they did excel in illuminating manuscripts, working metal and carving stone.

Creative Resistance

CHRISTIAN ESCHATOLOGY calls for a constant judgment on institutions, even (or especially) ecclesiastical ones. In this sense, the gospel urges Christians to the kind of revolutionary resistance that Jesus exercised towards the ecclesiastical institutions of his time. This *metanoia* was not simply an individualistic change of heart; it implied also an organized resistance to rites and observances that were judged to militate against the freeing response of faith. . . .

This task of adapting long-entrenched institutions to new needs requires the organized pressure of resistance movements. It is almost a sociological truism that establishments do not voluntarily and graciously share their power. The Capitalist Establishment of the 1930's was mainly modified by the organized pressures of labor unions. The white Establishment today is slowly being changed by the organized protests of moderate and radical black groups. We praise Martin Luther King, Jr. for his prophetic Christian stance, but we tend to overlook his planned use of organized, non-violent power to bring about change. . . .

The purpose of creative resistance is neither antinomian nor anarchistic. Struggle and conflict for their own sakes are sometimes the goals of revolutionary individuals who mold their own identity as harbingers of chaos. But these ends are pursued at the expense of building a more humane social order. Such revolutionary resistance is not creative but destructive. Creative resistance, on the contrary, recognizes the need for institutions and laws in any human society including the churches. The goal of such resistance is to adapt and change institutional structures and legislation to better serve the freedom and growth of men in community.

—from Eugene C. Bianchi: "Resistance in the Church"
Commonweal, May 16, 1969

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 211)

terpretation ["Up from Uncle Tomism," April 3]. Most of the powerful elements in the surrounding white communities are actively racist, and they have it in their power to hurt these institutions badly—sometimes to cripple them completely. The response to this unquestionable reality, on the part of most administrators in these institutions, has been to do whatever was required to keep the colleges open and—to some extent—secure. Although many specific acts and omissions on their part are gravely objectionable, we owe it to them to bear in mind that the alternative, almost always, was quite simply the disappearance of that college. With the college would go all hope for the higher education of most of its students; to this day, and despite the real advances which many white colleges are making, almost half of all the black college students in the country attend black institutions.

We should also realize that many of

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these administrators have proved rather adept at a variety of political compromises by which the essential liberties of their students, both academic and civil, were actually enhanced, while the local white power structure was put off with seeming concessions. Moreover, there have been and are some colleges, Tougaloo among them, which have managed to get away with a more publicly (and authentically) militant stance, actively encouraging the involvement of students and faculty in the community, providing shelter and raising bail for civil rights workers, supplying research help to black officeholders, accepting community organizing and similar activities for academic credits, etc.

Let me correct one other misconception which a reader may get from Mr. Terrell's article. Too much by far is made of the idea that black colleges are somehow the special preserve of the "black bourgeoisie." The term "bourgeois" has to be stretched beyond all useful meaning as an indicator of social or economic status to be made applicable to students at black colleges.

Tougaloo is typical; in fact, for Mississippi, its figures are probably rather high: sixty per cent of our student body come from families with incomes of less than $4,000, and *ninety-four* percent from families with incomes of less than $6,000. The vast majority of our students must work while going to school, and need scholarship aid or loans besides. For no group in America can these be called "bourgeois" levels of affluence; because most of our students come from fairly large families, they are in fact very minimal subsistence incomes.

It is utterly misleading to suggest that the typical black college, state or private, is a kind of refuge for middle-class Negroes from the oppression visited upon the rest of the black community. Rather they are schools, almost the only schools, where a genuine liberal arts education, with all the virtues and defects involved—all the usual majors, including Afro-American Studies; the economic opportunities; the snob appeal; the intellectual stimulation; the pedantry; the professional preparation—the education which the white middle- and upper-classes take for granted for all their children is made available to a few of the lower-middle-class and the poor. These schools need a lot more money, both private and governmental; they need better contacts with the major graduate and professional schools, and all the other agencies of upward mobility in our society; they need well prepared, committed faculty —black and white—in larger numbers every year, especially those prepared to stay for a good while; and they need a more scrupulous sense of balance and proportion in the reportage concerning them in the nation's influential liberal journals.

It is true that the affluent white liberals who have it in their power to provide these benefits may find the black colleges embarrassing, now because of the caution of their administrators, and again because of the militancy and active bitterness of their students. They remain, however, among the most important and progressive of the very small body of American institutions which are genuinely related both to our totally alienated ghetto rebels and to the remaining few elements within the power structure that are seriously interested in reform. As such, with all their defects, they remain exceptionally important to all Americans who work for the reform, or merely hope for the survival, of their society.

PHIL O'MARA
Assoc. Prof., English
Tougaloo College

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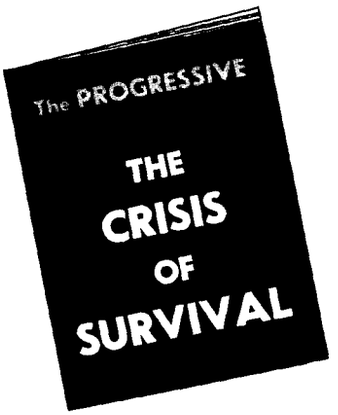

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